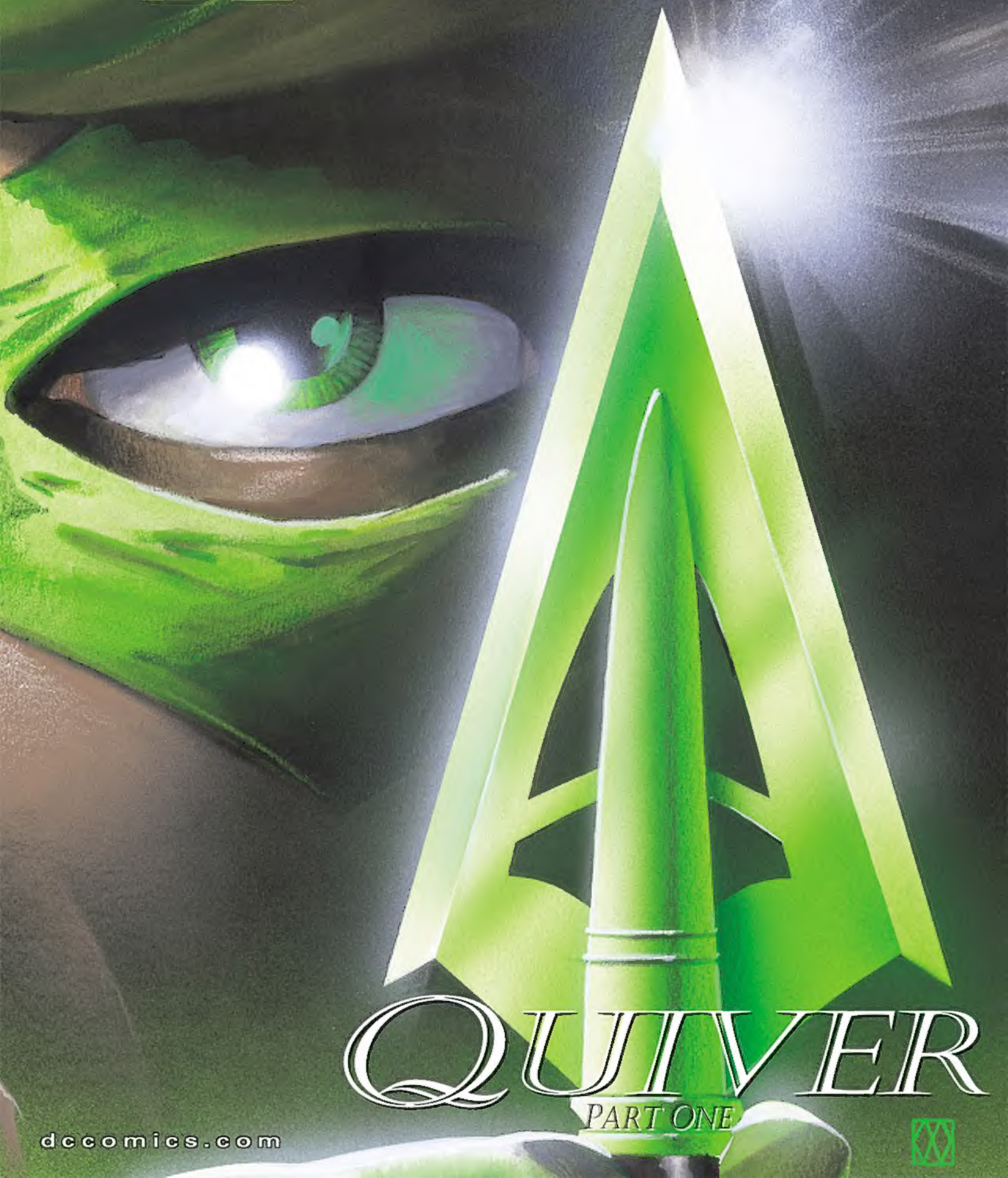




KEVIN SMITH • PHIL HESTER • ANDÉ PARKS

#1
APR '01

GREEN ARROW



QUIVER
PART ONE

dccomics.com



INTRODUCTION

GREEN
LANTERN

GREEN
ARROW

Hal Jordan was chosen to represent an intergalactic police force created by the oldest beings in existence—the Guardians of the Universe. Protecting Earth and all of space sector 2814 from every extraterrestrial threat imaginable, Hal shines his light proudly as Green Lantern! Follow his adventures from his “Rebirth” and triumphant return to the DC Universe, through his darkest hour in the Blackest Night!

Hal Jordan’s best friend, Oliver Queen, was once a self-centered billionaire and head of Queen Industries. His fall from grace (and life) was epic...but the Emerald Archer found a way to survive. Now considered a super hero, he strikes out against crime and corruption in his home of Star City as the world’s greatest archer and ultimate hero for the people—Green Arrow!

And as a special treat, available for the first time ever digitally:

The complete Dennis O’Neil/Neal Adams GREEN LANTERN/GREEN ARROW saga! Considered some of the greatest work ever produced, these legendary masters tell complex inner-city tales with the Emerald Archer, while Hal Jordan battles all forms of universe-threatening menace...and when they team up, it’s the stuff of legends! Read history as it was being created and enjoy some of the most exciting, innovative stories of the genre!

GREEN ARROW: THE LONGBOW HUNTERS is the groundbreaking story of an older, more introspective Green Arrow who’s begun to question the decisions he’s made throughout his career. But danger follows the Emerald Archer and he soon finds himself bow-deep in intrigue and violence, as he’s joined by the mysterious Yakuza archer Shado, in a desperate bid to save Black Canary’s life!

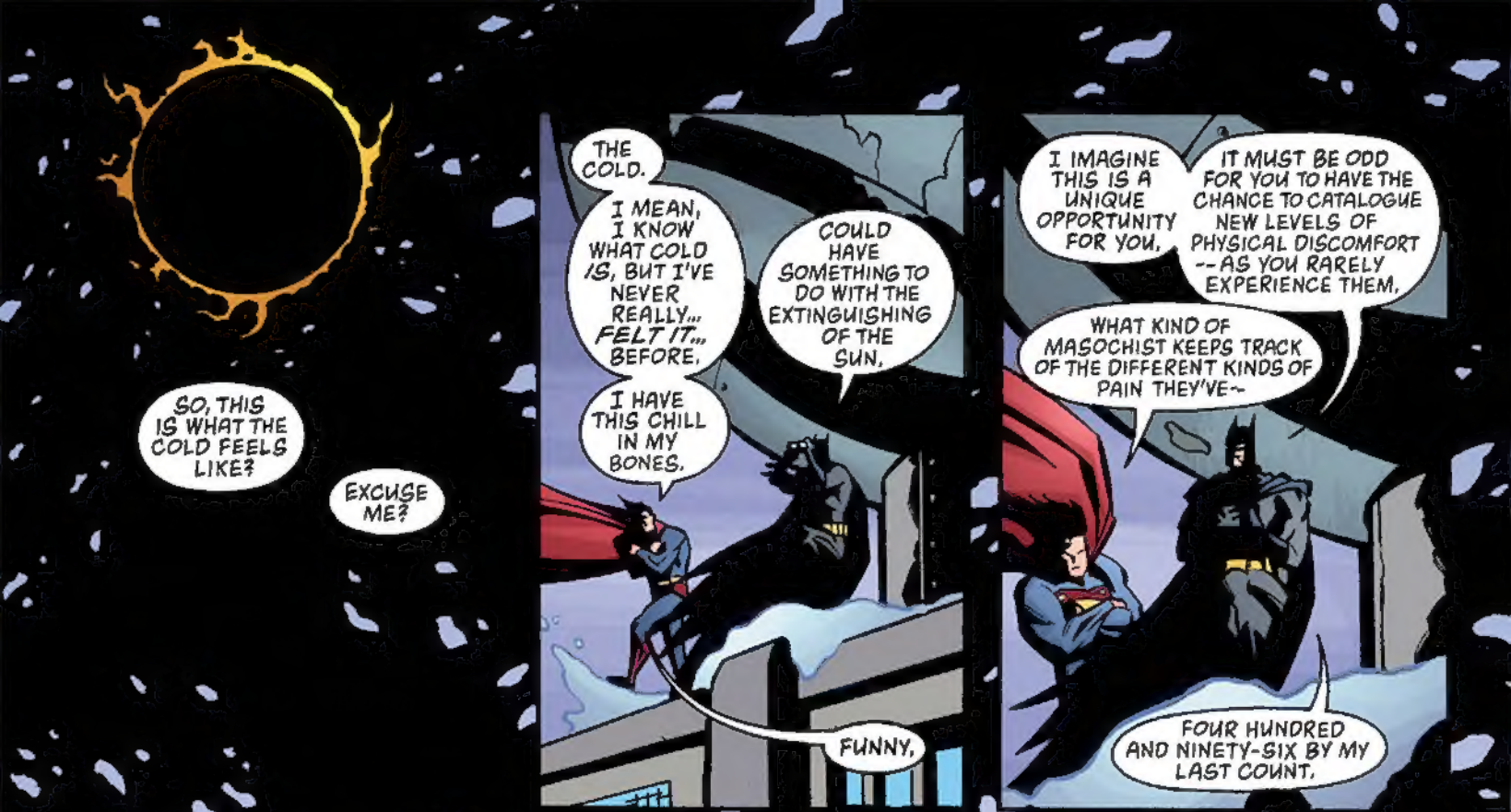


THE ROOFTOPS OF
METROPOLIS.

THEN...

DAILY PLANET

A dramatic comic book illustration. In the foreground, a tall, teal-colored building with a grid of windows rises vertically, its surface partially covered in snow. In the background, a large, golden, dome-shaped structure, the Daily Planet building, is partially obscured by a massive, swirling snowstorm. A figure of Superman, with his iconic red cape and blue suit, is perched on the edge of the teal building, looking towards the Daily Planet. The sky is a dark, stormy purple, and snowflakes are falling heavily throughout the scene.



SO, THIS IS WHAT THE COLD FEELS LIKE?

EXCUSE ME?

THE COLD.
I MEAN, I KNOW WHAT COLD IS, BUT I'VE NEVER REALLY... FELT IT... BEFORE.

I HAVE THIS CHILL IN MY BONES.

COULD HAVE SOMETHING TO DO WITH THE EXTINGUISHING OF THE SUN.

FUNNY,

I IMAGINE THIS IS A UNIQUE OPPORTUNITY FOR YOU.

IT MUST BE ODD FOR YOU TO HAVE THE CHANCE TO CATALOGUE NEW LEVELS OF PHYSICAL DISCOMFORT -- AS YOU RARELY EXPERIENCE THEM.

WHAT KIND OF MASOCHIST KEEPS TRACK OF THE DIFFERENT KINDS OF PAIN THEY'VE--

FOUR HUNDRED AND NINETY-SIX BY MY LAST COUNT.



YOU NEVER CEASE TO AMAZE ME.

HERE.

SNAP THIS, SHAKE, AND HOLD. IT'LL WARM YOUR HANDS.



THANKS.

DO YOU REMEMBER THE FIRST TIME YOU EVER FELT COLD?

I REMEMBER SLEIGH-RIDING WITH MY FATHER WHEN I WAS A CHILD.

AT THE NORTH END OF THE ESTATE, THERE WAS A SLOPE-- NOT LARGE ENOUGH TO INTIMIDATE, BUT LARGE ENOUGH TO THRILL A CHILD OF SIX.

OUR THIRD TRIP DOWN, WE CAREENED INTO A SNOW BANK.

SNOW DOWN YOUR OSH KOSHES ISN'T THE MOST COMFORTABLE INTRODUCTION TO THE CONCEPT OF COLD.

WAS THE SLED NAMED 'ROSEBUD'?

FUNNY,

AND THAT WAS THE FIRST TIME YOU REMEMBER FEELING COLD?

PHYSICALLY, YES.

YEARS LATER, I'D LEARN WHAT COLD REALLY FEELS LIKE.



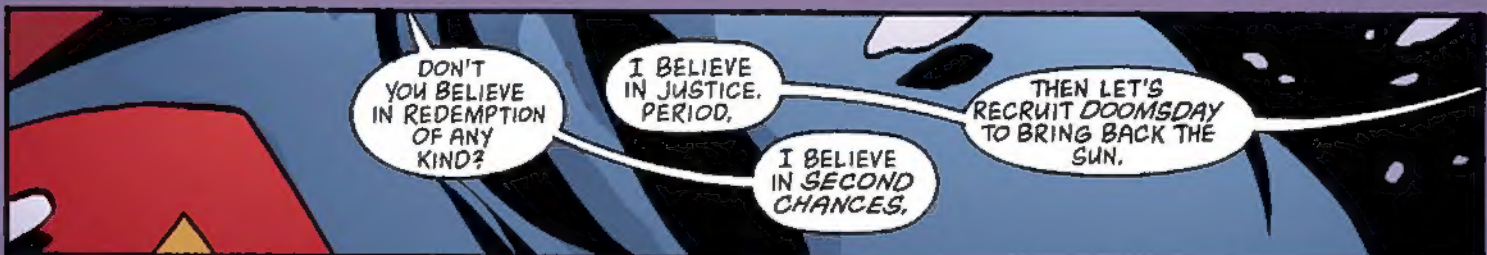
KYLE
SHOULD BE
BACK
SOON,

HOPEFULLY
ALONE.

LOOK, IF HAL
CAN BE OF ANY
ASSISTANCE...

LIKE HE WAS TO
KILOWOG? OR
HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN
HIM ALONG WITH THE REST
OF THE GREEN LANTERN
CORPS?

NOT TO MENTION THOSE
LIVES ERASED WHEN JORDAN TRIED TO
REMAKE THE WORLD, AFTER HE SET
HIMSELF UP AS A GOD.



DON'T
YOU BELIEVE
IN REDEMPTION
OF ANY
KIND?

I BELIEVE
IN JUSTICE.
PERIOD.

I BELIEVE
IN SECOND
CHANCES.

THEN LET'S
RECRUIT DOOMSDAY
TO BRING BACK THE
SUN.



I STAND CORRECTED.
I HAVE FELT A CHILL IN
MY BONES BEFORE. EVERY
TIME I TRY TO
REASON WITH YOU.

WHEN IT STARTS...

...WHATEVER IT IS...



...IT ALWAYS
STARTS SMALL.

SO SMALL THAT THE
ORIGIN ALMOST
ALWAYS GOES
UNNOTICED.



ALMOST.

HEY...

WHAT'S THE
MATTER?

I FELT
SOMETHING.

'SOMETHING'?

AS IF SOMETHING...
LEFT MY PERSON.

SOMETHING...
SMALL.





PALMER, PERHAPS?

NO-- HE'S
HELPING WALLY
WITH THE RELIEF
EFFORT IN
KEYSTONE.

I DON'T SEE
ANYTHING...

THIS IS SO
DAMN
FRUSTRATING.
AT FULL POWER, I'D
BE ABLE TO IDENTIFY
EVEN THE MOST
MICROSCOPIC
DISTURBANCES ON
OR OF MY
PHYSIOLOGY.
NOW
EVERYTHING'S SO...
MUTED.

GOD-- EVEN
MY X-RAY
VISION IS
WEAKENED.

WELCOME
TO THE WORLD
OF US MERE
MORTALS,
CLARK.

"ASHES TO
ASHES..."

DUST...

... TO
DUST.

"GOODBYE,
OLD FRIEND."

DC COMICS PRESENTS

QUIVER

CHAPTER ONE:

THE QUEEN IS
DEAD
(Long Live the Queen)



Kevin Smith
writer

Phil Hester Ande Parks
penciller inker

Sean Konot- Letterer

Guy Major- Colorist

Bob Schreck- Editor

Michael Wright- Associate Editor



NEW YORK CITY.

THE PRESENT.

The waiting game.

Milton Bradley oughta market this one.



Put the kibosh on the transaction as physically as you can without taking a life or getting perforated by the N.R.A.-sanctioned automatic weapons and win the game.

Great.

Heroin.

It always has to be heroin.

For ages 'kid sidekick' and up. Any number can play. Sit still for hours, waiting for some Tony Montana-wannabe to score a king's ransom in horse from the local smack-peddler.

Not that it affects the wait, anyway. Hell—I'm a waiting game world champ at this point. Been playing my whole life, it feels like.



Waited to finally be regarded highly enough to head up the Titans...

Waited to kick...



Waited to lead,
then get out
of Checkmate...



Waited for
news of
Lian to be
born...

But never waited more
than I ever had to when
I was waiting on Ollie.

The upside is that
the old man taught
me patience before
he ever taught me
a single aspect of
crime-fighting.



And he
did that...



... By way
of the bow.



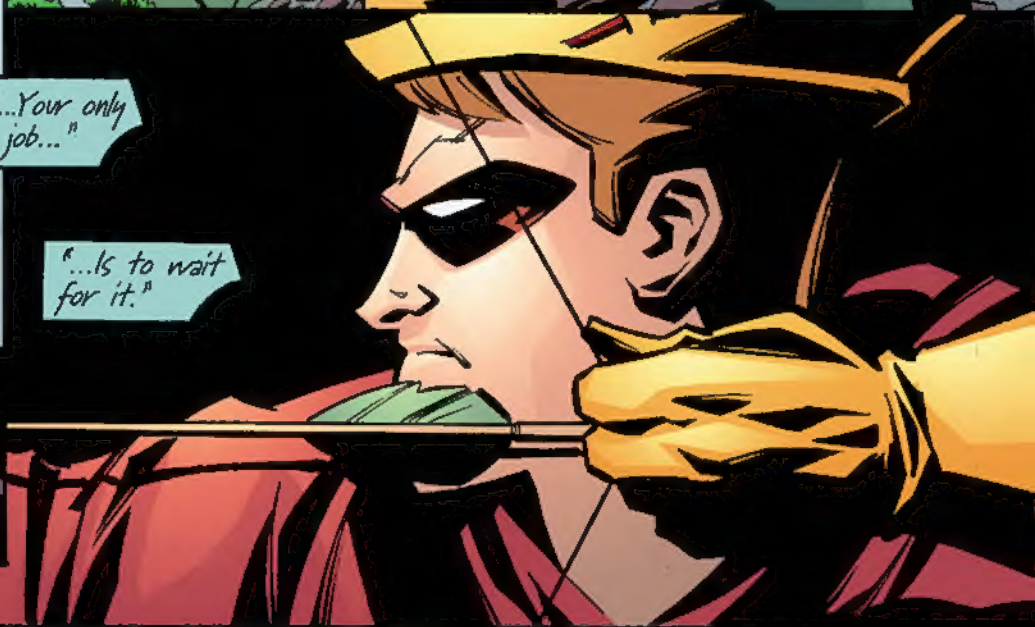
"All you have to do..."

"There's always a moment," he'd say,



"...Your only job..."

"...Is to wait for it."



At that point in my life...



... It was easier said than done.





And of all the exercises the old man put me through, it was never the lesson itself that taught me the value of patience.



It was his example.



When he wasn't shooting his mouth off about social injustice and corporate "fat-cats"...

(Which was always odd considering what a child of privilege and captain of industry he was...)



The man could be as serene...



... As water.



Beneath the bluster of the Green Arrow, Oliver Queen was a man with time on his hands.

And I've spent my life trying to be that same kind of man.





The kind of man who's patient enough to know that relaxing spawns the best actions.



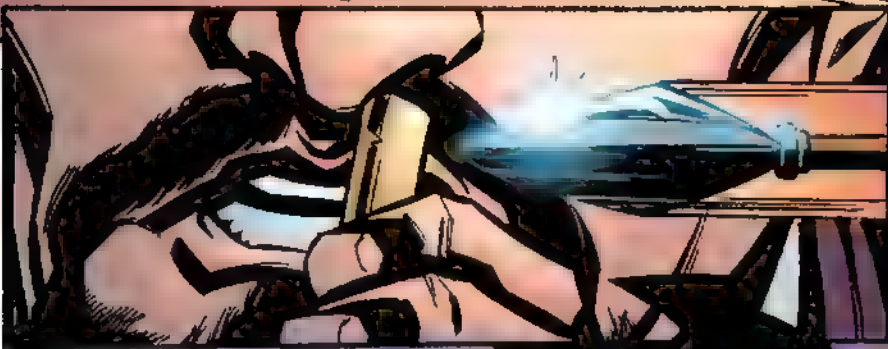
"There's always time to wait," Ollie once told me. "Remember that."



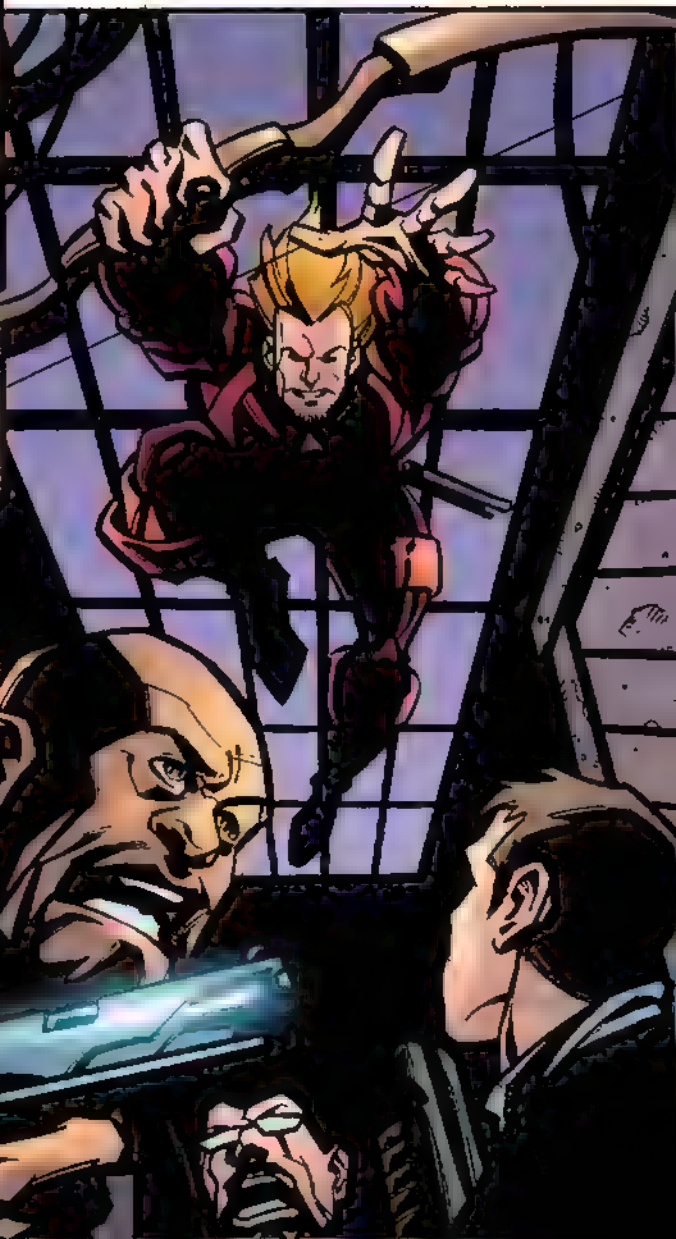
Thanks, 'dad'...



I do



REFUEL



THE EMERALD CITY OF SEATTLE.

Now there's something you don't see every day

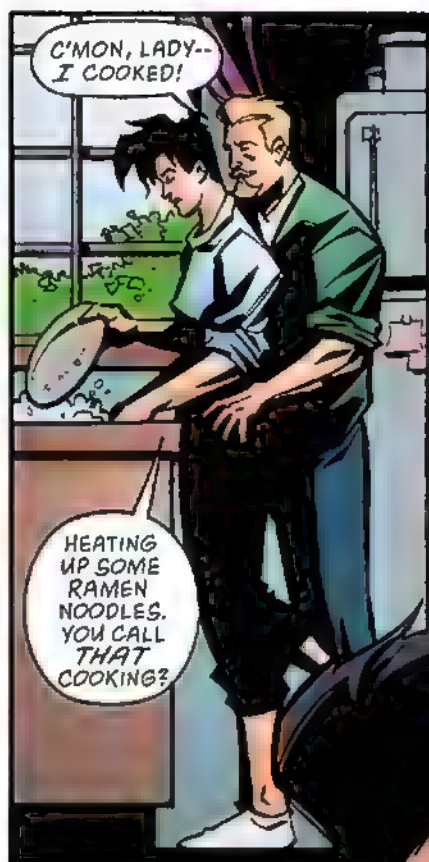
Ten bucks says she didn't eat off those plates she's washing

We never do—do we, sister?

And the ones who'll do their own dishes are few and far between

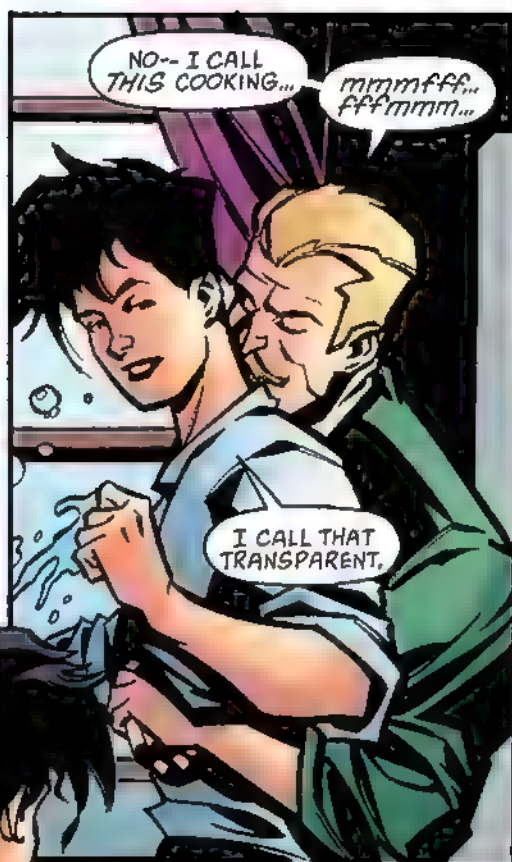
DON'T FORGET THESE!

DON'T FORGET THEM YOURSELF, LAZY! YOU SEE A NAMETAG ON THIS BLOUSE?



C'MON, LADY--
I COOKED!

HEATING
UP SOME
RAMEN
NOODLES.
YOU CALL
THAT
COOKING?



NO-- I CALL
THIS COOKING...

mmmmfff...
ffffmmmm...

I CALL THAT
TRANSPARENT.



WHAT KIND OF A
WORLD DO WE LIVE
IN WHEN A MAN TRIES
TO SHOW HIS ONE TRUE
SOME AFFECTION AND
GETS ACCUSED
OF TRYING TO
PULL A
FAST ONE?

THAT MOVE WAS TOO
OBVIOUS TO BE
CLASSIFIED AS A
'FAST ONE,' QUEEN.

YOU WANT TO
SEE A TRUE
'FAST ONE'?



HERE'S
A FAST
ONE!

AAHHH!

NOW, ARE WE
CLEAR WHO WEARS
THE PANTS IN THIS
FAMILY?

Oh,
YEAH?



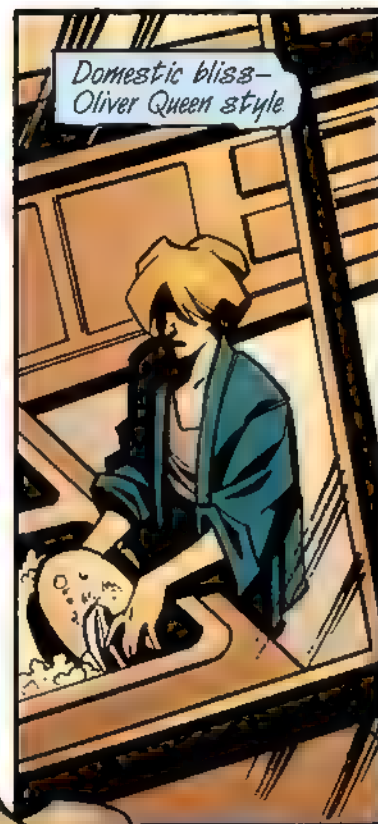
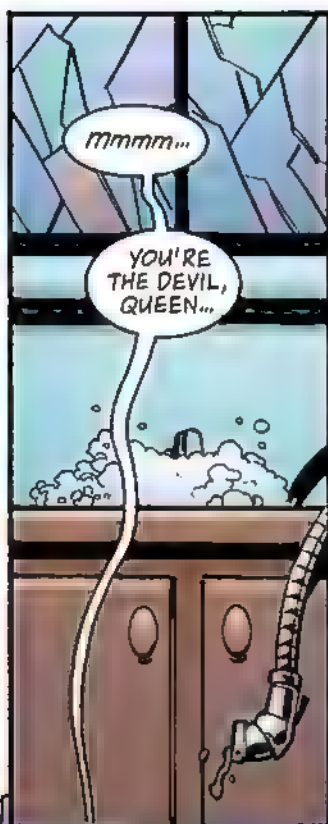
O-LLIE!
TUG ON
THOSE
SWEATS AGAIN
AND I'LL
SOAK
YOU!

NOT IF
I SOAK
YOU
FIRST!

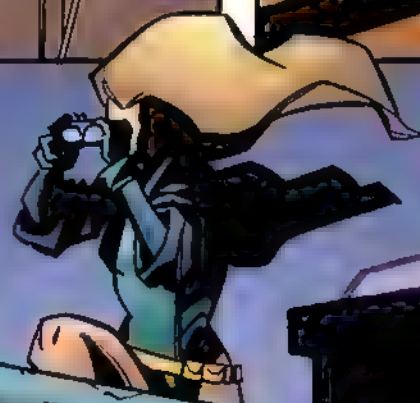


Ohhhh...

NO
FAIR...

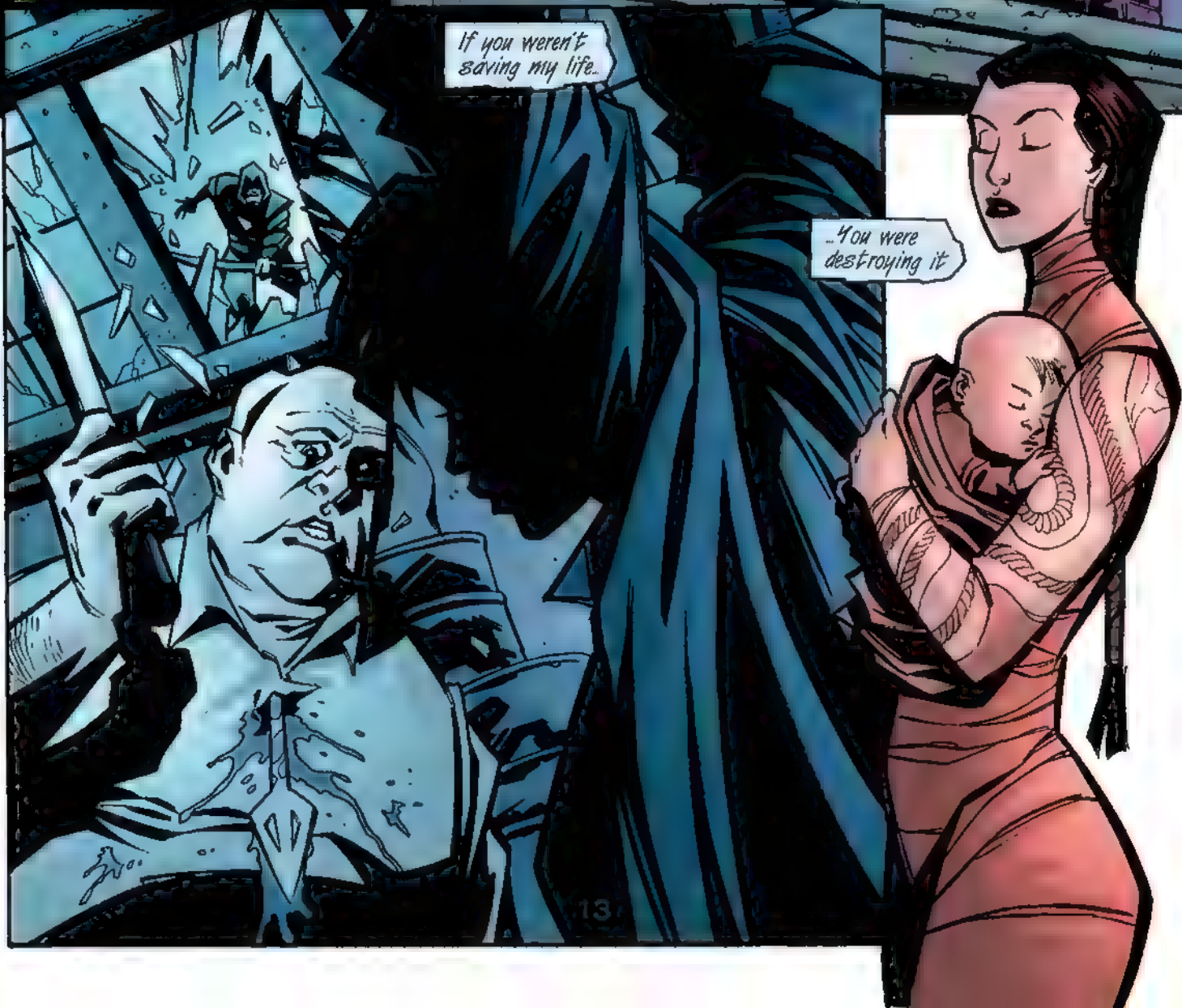



Still—it wasn't all
kitchen rendezvous,
was it, Ollie?



If you weren't
saving my life...

...You were
destroying it





*But that was
you all over.
Ollie...*

*...Highs
and lows.*

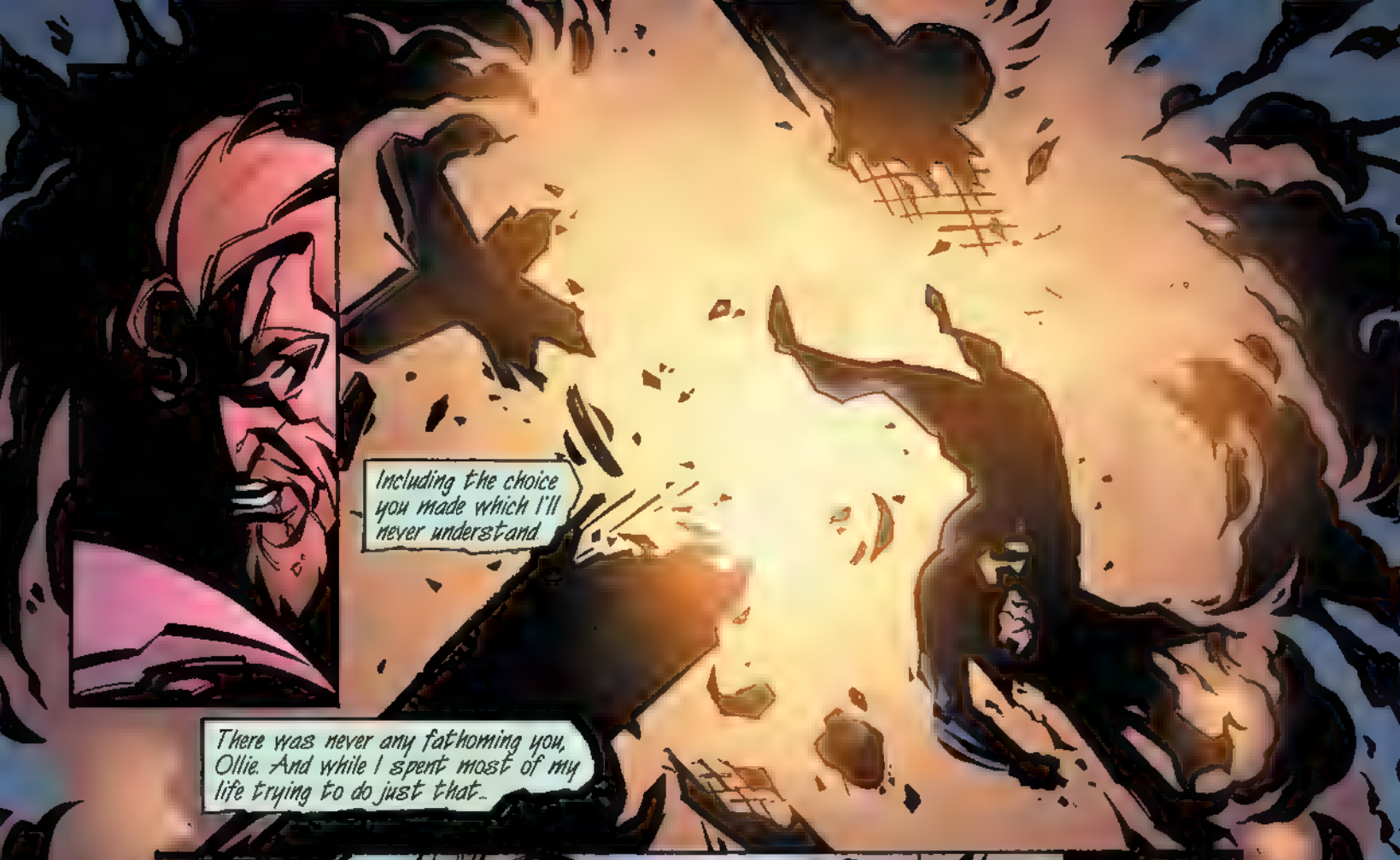
*There was
adventure,
and justice*

*There was
passion and
love.*

*There was
process and
progress...*

*There was
betrayal...*

*Then there was the
end, as Superman
explained it to me.*



*Including the choice
you made which I'll
never understand*

*There was never any fathoming you,
Ollie. And while I spent most of my
life trying to do just that...*

*Now I'm almost
in the clear.*

Tonight...

*Well, tonight's
a rarity*

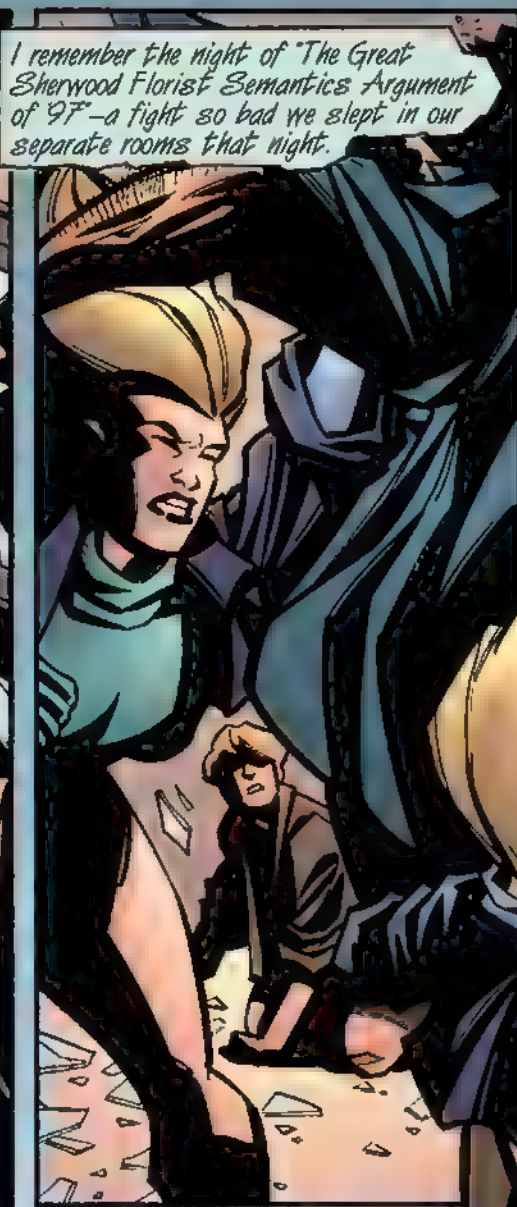
*I hardly ever think about
you anymore—especially
when I'm working.*

*I don't know why
I'm doing it now.*

*I'm probably just
P.M.S.-ing.*



Which is bad news for this ape.

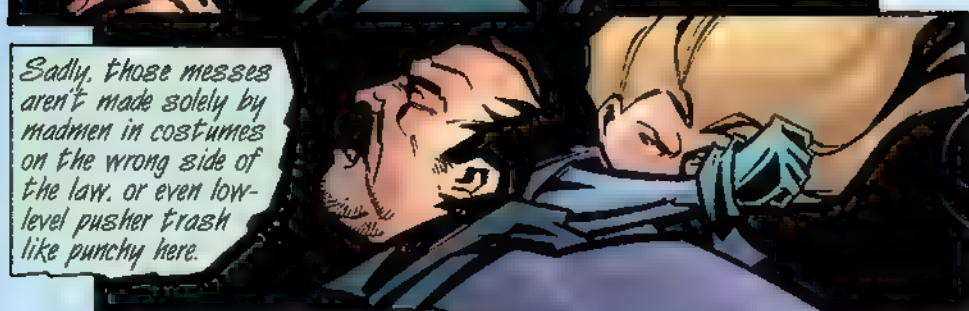


I remember the night of 'The Great Sherwood Florist Semantics Argument of 97'-a fight so bad we slept in our separate rooms that night.

You maintained that society spends too much of its time cleaning up the messes of people who don't care about anyone but themselves.



I countered that we spend too much of our time cleaning up the messes of MEN who don't care about anyone but themselves



Sadly, those messes aren't made solely by madmen in costumes on the wrong side of the law, or even low-level pusher trash like punchy here.



They're even made by the men we trust and love.



DID WE
GET HIM?

WE
GOT
HIM.

SISTERS ARE
DOING IT FOR
THEMSELVES.

I'LL LET
THE FEDS KNOW.
ORACLE OUT.

MRS. CHAGIYNSKI,
THE FBI MEN WILL BE
HERE MOMENTARILY.
HE'S GOING AWAY FOR
TRAFFICKING IN
PROSTITUTION, DRUGS,
AND A WIDE ARRAY OF
HUMAN MISERY, NOT
THE LEAST OF WHICH
IS TREATING YOU LIKE
GARBAGE.

IF YOU WANT HIM
TO STAY PUT AWAY,
YOU'LL PROVIDE THEM
WITH ANY EVIDENCE OF
HIS ILLEGAL ACTIVITIES
IN THE RUSSIAN MOB THAT
YOU MAY HAVE, AND GO ON
RECORD AS STATING YOU
CALLED THE FEDS ON HIM
YOURSELF WHEN HE HIT
YOU. THEY WERE FORCED
TO PHYSICALLY SUBDUCE
HIM DURING HIS
APPREHENSION,
RESULTING IN HIS
INJURIES.

I WAS
NEVER
HERE.

I've spent the
last few years
trying to clean
up the mess
YOU made of
my life, Ollie.

I SUGGEST
YOU FILE FOR
DIVORCE FIRST
THING IN THE
MORNING AND
START A
NEW LIFE.

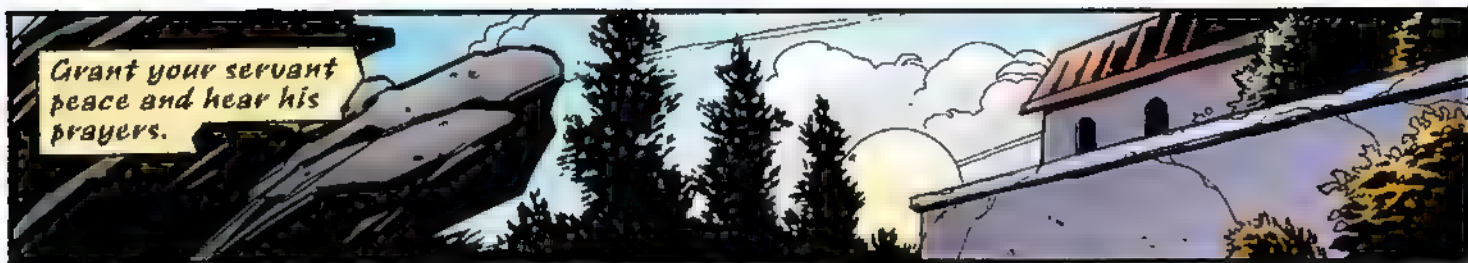
THIS TIME,
FIND A
GOOD MAN.

FOR THE
RECORD...

... THE GOOD
ONES DO
THEIR OWN
DISHES.

But it still
doesn't make
missing you
any easier.

Father of all,
Father of the
many wonders...



Grant your servant
peace and hear his
prayers.



I pray for
the center
to hold.

I pray for
patience.

I pray for
humility.



I pray for zen
in the face of
adversity.

I pray for the
delivery of the
world outside,
from the powers
that corrupt it,
into the hands
of those who
seek justice.



I pray that this place
gets a television set
one day, because I'm
really, really bored.



But mostly, I humbly
pray for another father,
Father.

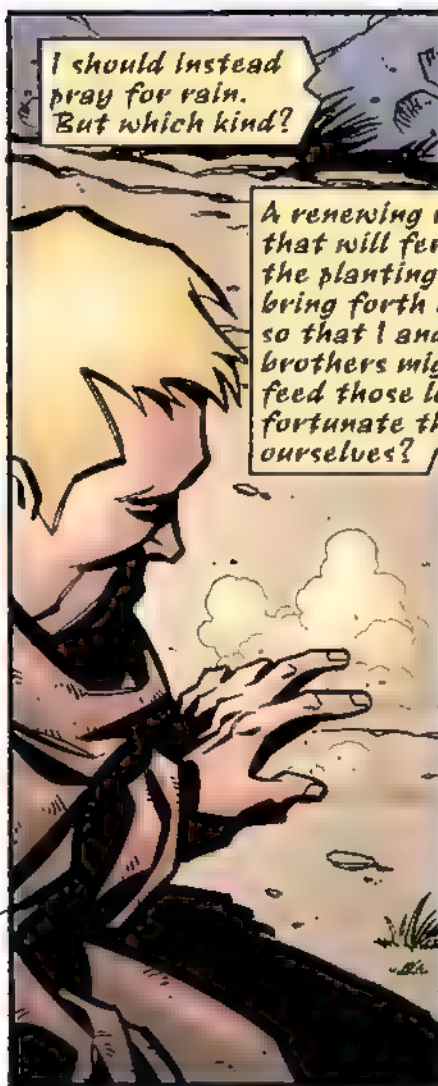
My
own.

Perhaps I shouldn't
say that, as I'm not
really praying for
him, but for me.



I pray for an end to the silliness of my hope that I might one day really know my father as my father.

It's a waste of prayer, I know-- as my father is dead. And how can one ever really know the dead?



I should instead pray for rain. But which kind?

A renewing rain that will fertilize the plantings, and bring forth crops so that I and my brothers might feed those less fortunate than ourselves?



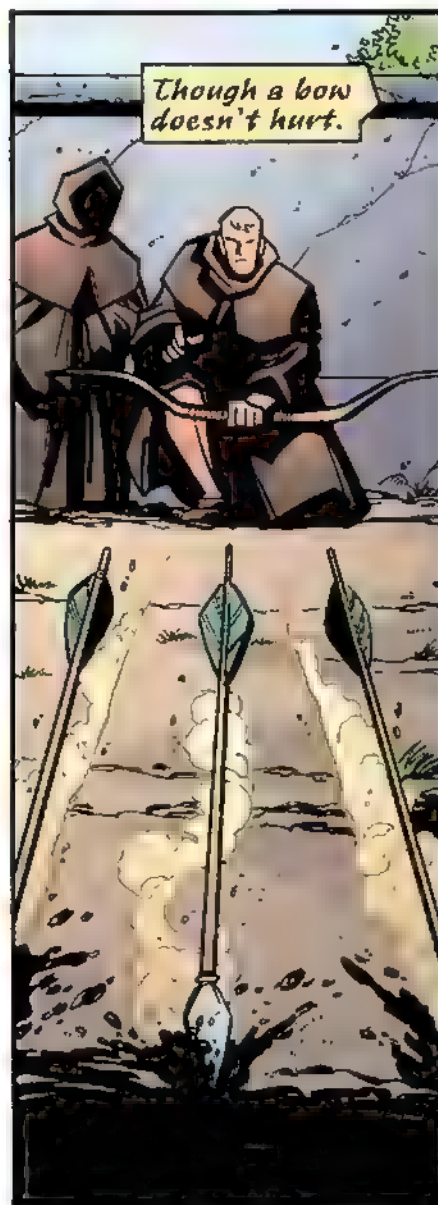
Or a rain that will wash away a child's wish to know and be his father?



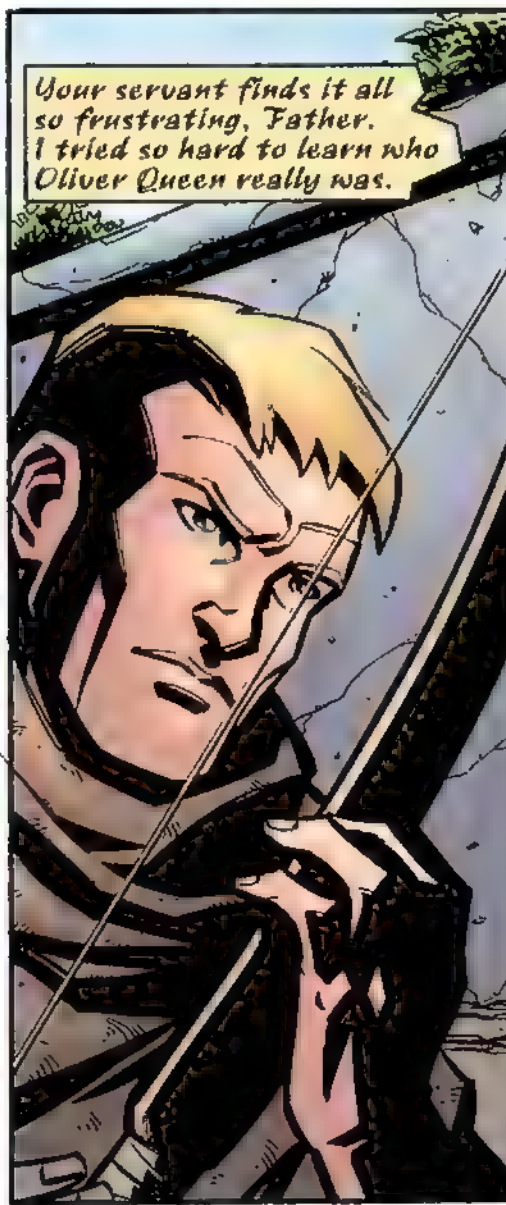
It was foolish of me to walk in his shoes, fancying myself a 'hero.'

True heroes are found just as easily in the mundane-- such as harvesting the earth and yielding sustenance from her fertile soil.

One needn't a costume for that.



Though a bow doesn't hurt.



Your servant finds it all so frustrating, Father. I tried so hard to learn who Oliver Queen really was.



I assumed
his mantle...



... And even aided
his contemporaries.

And despite my best efforts,
I knew the man no better than
when I started the journey.

So I returned here, hoping
to find some part of him in
a place I hadn't thought to
look before: within myself.



But even in the
solitude of this
holy place, I still
do not know my
father any better
than I did in the
outside world.



So now I pray for
an end to it.

As the soil accepts
the seed, I pray you
grant your servant
the ability to accept
that he will never
know his father.



At least
until he,
too, is
in the
ground.

Grant
me the
patience
to wait
for that,
Father.



Grant me the patience...

STAR CITY. THE ONE-TIME HOME OF GREEN ARROW.



AND STANLEY DOVER'S PATIENCE IS WEARING THIN.

JUST KEEPS GETTING WORSE AND WORSE...

GONNA HAVE TO PULL UP THE STAKES SOON.



YOU HEAR THAT, ALEX? THE OLD MAN DOESN'T LIKE STAR CITY ANYMORE. HE THINKS IT'S TOO ROUGH OR SOMETHING. HE WANTS OUT.

ONLY ONE WAY OUTTA THIS PLACE, GRAMPS...

...AND IT AIN'T THE STAR CITY EXPRESS.



IT'S THE .38 SPECIAL.



WHEN IT STARTS, IT ALWAYS STARTS SMALL.



SO SMALL THAT THE ORIGIN ALMOST ALWAYS GOES UNNOTICED.



ALMOST...

THUNK!

AAGGH!



BAF!

ACK!



WHAT'S THE MATTER, CHUM?

OH, MY GOD...

YOU LOOK
LIKE YOU'VE
SEEN A
GHOST.

STAR CITY SANITATION

WRITING
SLAM
FLAKES

TO BE CONTINUED

FROM THE WRITER/DIRECTOR OF
CLERKS AND MALLRATS

**KEVIN
SMITH**

with **PHIL HESTER**

"Bullseye revisionism. A-"
– ENTERTAINMENT WEEKLY

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VOL. 2: SOUNDS OF VIOLENCE

VOL. 3: ARCHER'S QUEST

VOL. 4: STRAIGHT SHOOTER

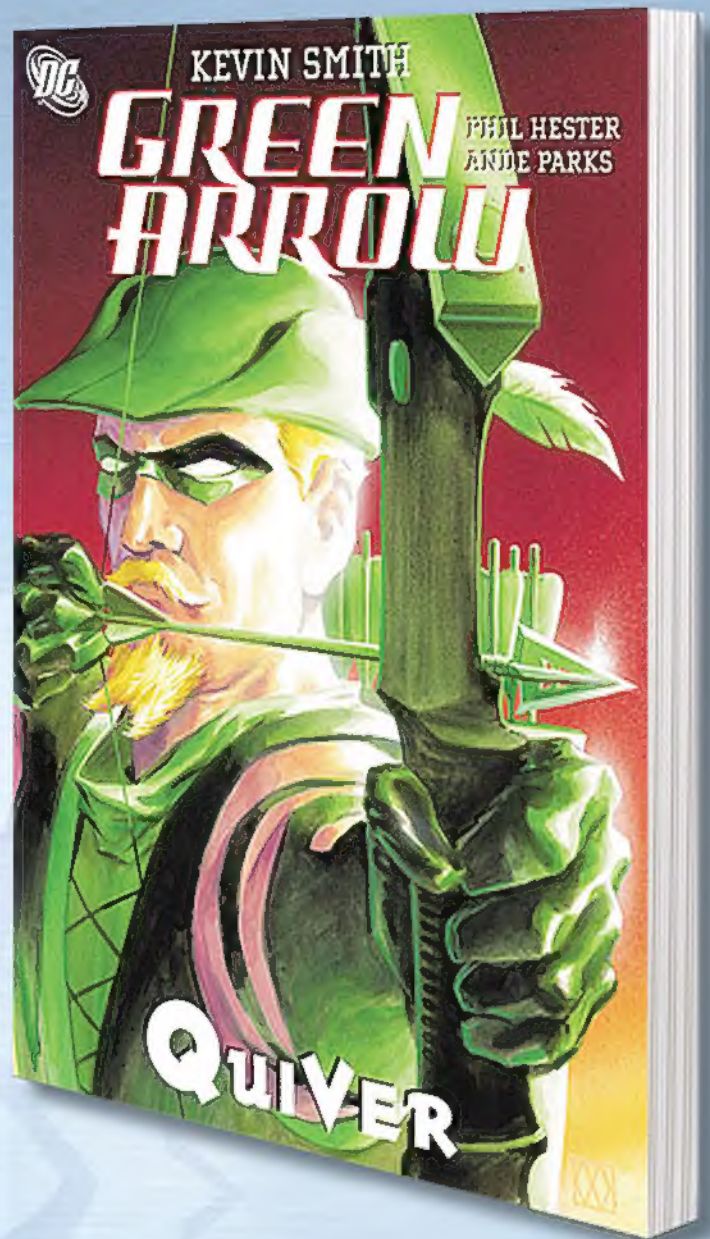
VOL. 5: CITY WALLS

VOL. 6: MOVING TARGETS

VOL. 7: HEADING INTO THE LIGHT

VOL. 8: CRAWLING FROM THE WRECKAGE

VOL. 9: ROAD TO JERICHO



MORE CRITICALLY ACCLAIMED TALES OF THE EMERALD ARCHER

GREEN ARROW VOL. 2
SOUNDS OF VIOLENCE



KEVIN SMITH
PHIL HESTER

GREEN ARROW VOL. 3:
ARCHER'S QUEST



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GREEN ARROW VOL. 4:
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JUDD WINICK
PHIL HESTER

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The Hand

